

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.  
Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee:  
"Oh! hurry here and see, and see,  
The loveliest rose—the loveliest rose  
That in the garden grows, grows,  
grows,  
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um."  
Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee:  
"No honey must be here, and we  
Should beg a portion while we may,  
For soon our bees will come this way,  
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um."  
Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee:  
"The rose is not for me, for me,  
Though she is lovelier by far  
Than many other flowers are,  
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um."  
Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:  
"No honey-cup has she, has she,  
But many cups, all brimming over,  
Has yonder little purple clover,  
And that's the flower for me, for me,  
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um."  
Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:  
"Margaret Eytlingo."

THE LOST WINGLESS BIRD.  
A generation of two ago travelers in the Arctic Sea used to find great flocks of ungainly birds, with practically no wings, standing like watchmen along the rocky shores. The birds, some of which were over three feet high, had webbed feet and very short legs, and were almost helpless while on shore, but once in water they swam with wonderful rapidity using the stubby wings that were of no service for flying, and cutting through water with the smoothness of a ship under every sail. These monster black birds, with their huge beaks and white, downy breasts, were the great auks, now extinct, for they were so easily overpowered that sailors and the natives of the localities used to kill them with clubs by the thousands.

There is a story that the last living great auk was seen about fifty years ago by the natives of St. Kilda. Some of them captured the then unknown creature after a hard struggle and took it to a town, where the "island Parliament" was sitting. The bird was tethered for the night and the next morning the parliament deliberated upon its fate, finally deciding that it was a creature of evil omen and should be stoned to death. This was done accordingly, and months after the natives had learned that they had killed a harmless bird that could have been sold for perhaps \$2,000 to any museum in Europe.

A PRINCESS AND A PUDDING.  
Little Princess Ena, daughter of Princess Beatrice of Battenberg and granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is a young miss with a will of her own, as well as a little temper. As a vent for the latter she once upon a time kicked the footman's shins at luncheon. The pudding was the cause of rebellion—possibly it was the Queen's favorite semolina pudding. At any rate, her majesty was at the table and objected, with grandmotherly solicitude, to a second helping for the Princess Ena, whereupon her young royal highness kicked the footman. She was detected in the act and bidden by her mamma to withdraw from the room. Upon reaching the door, she turned around and, fixing her eyes upon her grandmother, startled that old lady with the shocking remark:  
"Well, I don't care, anyway, and you're a horrid, fussy old thing, anyhow."

Seeking the seclusion of a remote apartment, she happened upon her brother's tutor, an amiable young man, who was somewhat amused after a time—which he had spent in entertaining the young lady in agreeable conversation and not aware that she was in disgrace—with her remark that she liked him very much, "and you are the only person in the house who understands me."

DOLL PINCUSHIONS FOR THE SOLDIERS.  
A little girl who had no pennies to give and wanted to make something for the fair given in her town "to help the soldiers" contributed a very odd and pretty trifle in the shape of a doll pincushion. As there may be other little girls anxious to help the soldiers who are minus pennies and ideas, a description of the pincushion may be of use.  
Dollie, who was a very small wooden jointed one, measured just two inches high. The skirt, which formed the pincushion, consisted of four pieces of black cloth, each shaped like the quarter of a circle. These were pinned out at the lower edge, and the pieces, after being sewed together separately, were all joined together. In front there was a little piece of scarlet cloth, which, I see, the two black quarters on either side, had a leaf shaped design worked on in white transparent beads.

The little caps which dollie wore were also red, with the edge and front prettily finished with loops of beads, which trimmed the tiny red cap glued on to Miss Dollie's head, and also made the necklace which she wore. Any little girl with a few patterns of cloth and some beads can make a similar pincushion or even a pen-wiper with just a hint or two from mother.

WHAT SPOILS THE SWEET TOOTH.  
A little boy who is quite well acquainted with the man who keeps a grocery on North State street, happened to be in there the other day when the grocer was weighing out sugar. The white, glistening stuff appealed to the little fellow's sweet tooth and he asked for a lump of sugar.  
"The grocer laughed. "The idea," he said, "You mustn't eat it. It will rot your teeth."  
"Why?" asked the boy. He had been told such things many times before, and many times before he had asked "why," but never had he received a satisfactory answer.

"Oh," replied the grocer vaguely, "because it will. All sweet things break the enamel on your teeth and rot them."  
Then the boy arose in the might of his injured pride. "I don't see," said he, "how that can be. Sweet things oughtn't to hurt any more than sour things, or bitter things, or not so much, in fact."  
And the little chap was right. But he didn't know it, nor the grocer didn't know it. Consequently, it is just as well to enlighten them and at the same time correct the generally prevailing erroneous impression. Sugar, and other sweet things in themselves do not hurt the teeth—that is, it is not the quality of sweetness that is injurious, but the fine, sandy particles that abound even in the most highly refined sugar. These scratch against the teeth and break the enamel, but the innocent sweetness gets the credit for all the damage.

A SEA CANDLE.  
In these days of gas and electric lights it seems very strange to hear of burning whale-oil lamps or even to use petroleum, but an actual candle that grows in the sea, and is alive, too, is still more strange.  
This candle is the fattest of fat little fish, and it is found in the northern seas, the very region where it is most needed. It is quite ornamental by moonlight, and glitters like pearls in the water because of its shiny armor. The Indians of Russian America and Vancouver Island catch the little fish—which are about as large as smelts—with immense racks, having teeth made of bone or sharp-pointed nails, and every time the rake is swept in one fish at least, and sometimes three or four will be found fast on each tooth.

To make them into candles the women take a long wooden needle, and thread it with a piece of fish pith, which is drawn through the fish from head to tail. When this wick is lighted the fish burns steadily in its rough candlestick—only a bit of wood split at one end to hold the candle—and gives a light not very probable, though, that the natives use many of them for this purpose.

Large quantities of these useful little fish are turned into oil—but not to be burned in lamps. It is the favorite supply of winter food, and helps to keep out the terrible cold of those long northern winters. When Mrs. Indian has oil-making on hand the children probably find it more than washing day or cleaning house, and are glad enough to take their little bows and arrows or spears and go off until things are quiet again around the lodge.

First the squaw makes five or six large fires, and throws a number of large, round pebbles into each to be heated very hot. Four large square boxes of pine-wood are ready by each fire, and in every box she piles a layer of fish, which she covers with cold water, and then puts in five or six of the heated stones. When the smoke has cleared away small pieces of wood are laid on the stones, then more fish, water, stones and wood, until the box is filled. The liquid from this box is used for the next one in place of water, and the floating oil is then skimmed off from the surface. This oil is put into bottles which are also found in the sea. An immense seaweed with hollow stalks that widen like a flask at the root is gathered for this purpose, and each bottle will hold nearly a quart of oil. Candle-fish is the every-day name of the oil-giver, but on great occasions it is Salmo pacificus.

Artificially Grown Pears.  
The method of producing figures and symbols from the fresh-water mussel, *Dipsas plicatus*, of Lake Elwa, Central China, has been in vogue many centuries. Superb examples of Buddha and fat, pearl-like discs—produced by inserting between the mantle and shell of the mollusk small tin foil figures of Buddha, or small hemispherical discs, which in time become coated by the pearly nacre—are to be seen in collections, such as that of the Field Columbian and other well-known museums. Experiments of a like nature with the "rough-shelled" unios, of Cedar River, Iowa, have been practiced by the writer the last three years with fair success. An average-sized shell, or shells, from a section of the river's bed known to produce brilliantly lustrous shells, were allowed to remain in the sun until the valves part. With a quickly inserted wedge in the opening, the shell is immediately dipped in water to sustain life. The operator then carefully lifts the mantle from the shell, and, with a pair of tweezers, drops in a pellet of wax, glass bead or other small article that he is desirous of having coated. Care is taken not to strain the muscles by forcing the wedge while the clam is resisting the intrusion.

After the objects are placed in that part of the mussel showing the best color, the mantle is drawn to place, the wedge removed and the shell allowed to resume its normal condition. With a sufficient number "fixed" in the above-described manner, they are then placed in a pond or bayou that will not freeze its depth in winter. At the expiration of six months, or one year at most, the unio will have thrown over these irritating foreign substances a nacreous covering that securely fastens them to the shell. Usually about two-thirds of the object thus fastened remains above the shell, though it is presumed that in time the natural growth of the shell would enclose it. By careful work it is possible to remove these objects so as to have considerable pearl surface, though their commercial value is small—very small, indeed, in comparison to more perfect gems.—Vane Simmons

Oldest Artillery Company.  
It is claimed for the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, La., which was organized in 1846, that it is the oldest artillery organization in the United States. It was the first in the South to tender its services to the Government in the war with Mexico, and on the day after acceptance it was ready. It now is composed of five batteries, with a total membership of about 350 men.

One-twelfth of the population of England suffers from gout.

Way the Paper Coupled.  
A few weeks ago Uncle Russell Sage set up a financial news plant for a young man who called a paragraphic he that reflected on him. The newspaper looked prosperous, but while it was growing it was running behind a little. When Mr. Sage dropped in to look at the profit and loss account he found \$80 on the wrong side of the ledger. The young man was puffing a Park row perfect. "How much did that cigar cost?" asked Uncle Russell. It had been given to the young editor, but he told the old man that it was worth about 5 cents. "This is downright extravagance!" cried Mr. Sage, petulant. "Five cents a day for \$85 days would amount to \$18.25. Do you know what that would amount to at compound interest in ten years—hey?" The editor confessed that he wasn't good at figures. "Well, stop the paper," said the disgruntled millionaire. "I can't be beggared by running a business at a loss of \$80 a week, in the control of a man who turns money, as the saying is, smoking 5-cent cigars. My friend Daniel Drew used to smoke stogies at 60 cents a hundred, but that was extravagance, too." And so the editor and the manipulator parted. This is the first instance on record of a promising journal going up in 5 cents' worth of cigar smoke.—New York letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Hawks Fight to the Death.  
A fierce combat between a large gray hawk and a smaller red one occurred a few days ago on the farm of George Williams, in Bristol Township. Mr. Williams was standing in his corn field when he heard a series of fierce squawks in the air above him. Two hawks circling about each other and dropping rapidly to the earth next attracted his attention. The birds fell almost at his feet and continued to fight with great ferocity. It was evident from the very start that the battle was a very unequal one, the gray bird being much too heavy for his opponent. The farmer seizing a stick called in to take a hand in the fight. He made several vigorous swipes at the rapidly revolving bundle of claws and feathers, but somehow or other he always failed to land. Then he foxyly decided to stand off and wait until one bird had been killed, whereupon he would jump in and dispatch the victor. The red hawk was growing weaker every moment, and finally he fell over on his back, and the gray victor drove his beak deep into the breast of the vanquished. With a squawk of triumph the gray fellow suddenly raised himself upon his broad wings and sailed away before Williams realized what he was about. The red hawk lay dead upon the field literally clawed to ribbons.—Philadelphia Record.

Thibet Is Unexplored.  
The immense territory of Thibet is almost completely surrounded by mountain ranges of appalling magnitude, which, especially along the southern, western and northern frontiers, constitute formidable barriers against ingress. From the Pamir plateau, in the extreme west ("the world's backbone") radiate the great natural ramparts which shut out India on the one hand and the Tartar countries of Bokhara and Turkestan on the other. No Asiatic or western conqueror has ever dared to penetrate this mountain world and even Genghis Khan, the scourge of Asia, whose ravages extended from Pekin in the east to Moscow in the west, was obliged when invading northern India to take the circuitous route via Kashghar and Afghanistan, instead of crossing Thibet. Secure on their left plateau and practically isolated from the rest of the world the people of Thibet have remained undisturbed for ages, and have developed characteristics for which we would vainly search in any race of the globe. The Chinese "conquest" has not produced the slightest change in their mode of life or exercised any appreciable influence upon their peculiar culture.—Boston Transcript.

It is a significant fact that a colony of English-speaking people, instead of abandoning their native tongue and embracing that of their adopted nationality, invariably adhere to their own language and eventually color that of the people with whom they are brought into contact. It is also significant that English is the only language which is now showing rapid growth. Most of the other tongues are slowly dying.  
"Darling," said a Chicago lover, "don't you know that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding?" "I can't help that," was the reply of the adored one; "my dressmaker is sick, and I'm afraid it would be more unlucky if I were to go ahead and get married before having all the clothes I want made while my father is still willing to pay for them." Whereupon he concluded to defy the fates and wait for the dressmaker to get well.—Chicago Post.

The Real Battle.—Christianity abandons the rivalry with science and history on the field of knowledge to win greater victories over man's heart and the inner springs of action.—Rev. J. G. Schurman, Presbyterian, Ithaca, N. Y.

Endless Torment.—Not one passage in the Bible, nor the whole Bible taken together, asserts explicitly or clearly implies an endless torment of even those who reject the Gospel of Christ.—Dr. J. C. Jackson Jr., Congregationalist, Columbus, Ohio.

Good Blood Makes Health  
And Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good blood. That is why it cures so many diseases and makes so many people feel better than ever before. If you don't feel well, are half sick, tired, worn out, you may be made well by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents. TELL THE ADVERTISER you saw it in this paper. VNU 20-25.

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YOUR MONEY BACK. We will refund to him. Price 50 Cents.

The Rush For Gold.  
From the Times, Buffalo, N. Y.  
The rush of gold seekers to the Klondike brings thrilling memories to the "forty-niners" still alive, of the time when they girded the continent, or faced the terrors of the great American desert on the journey to the land of gold. These pioneers tell some experiences which should be heeded by gold seekers of to-day. Constant exposure and faulty diet killed large numbers, while nearly all the survivors were afflicted with disease, many of them with rheumatism. Such a sufferer was Adam Van gundy, who now resides at Buffalo, N. Y. He was a justice of the peace and was the president of the board of trustees. In a recent interview he said:  
"I had been a sufferer of rheumatism for a number of years and the pain at times was very intense. I tried all the proprietary medicines I could think of or hear of, but received no relief."  
"I finally placed my case with several physicians and doctored with them for some time, but they failed to do me any good. Finally, with my hopes of relief nearly exhausted I read an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which induced me to try them. I was anxious to get rid of the terrible disease and bought two boxes of the pills. I began using them about March, 1897. After I had taken two boxes I was completely cured, and the pain has never returned. I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken, and am willing at any time to sign my name to any testimony setting forth its good merits."  
ADAM VANGUNDY.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1897.  
FRANKLIN C. FENK, Notary Public.  
Mr. Vangundy's statement ought to be regarded as the criterion of the good merits of these pills. What better proof could a person want than the above facts.

Truth and Freedom.—We must ever remember that the truth alone can make us free. How splendid it is to give our lives in a search for truth!—Rev. J. Lloyd Jones, Unitarian, Chicago, Ill.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

Government shells are marked "U. S. Pro.," which stands for "United States projectile." Certainly these shells at least are pro-Spanish.

Edicate Your House with Cascares.  
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 50c. 25c. H. G. C. Co. full, druggists refund money.

Comedian—I'd like something heavy to eat this morning. Tragedian—For my part, I would not be averse to a few light rolls.—Boston Courier.

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Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23 trial bottles and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 383 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"Tell me, doctor," asked the ambitious young disciple of Galen, eagerly, "what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" "In confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice," answered the veteran physician, frankly, "I will confess that it was my medicine-case."—Puck.

Living Christa.—Wherever there is any man who has some fellowly with God and the eternal, who ministers to the higher and better life of man, there is the Christ of to-day.—Dr. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Browne—Allow me to have the pleasure of returning that five dollars that I borrowed the other day. Smythe.—Thanks; the pleasure is mine.—Harlem Life.

The Growth of Socialism.  
It is argued by deep thinkers that the growth of socialism is due to the large standing armies of the world, in which men are often made to snuff against their will, and thus become discontented with existing conditions. The growth of stronger races of people is due to the large sale of Lottoster's Bismuth Bitters, which is the best medicine for constipation, dyspepsia, fever, and all nervous troubles. Try one bottle.

A woman's idea of strategy is to spend a dime in order to save a nickel.  
Beauty Is Blood Deep.  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascares, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean by stirring up the liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascares.—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Poor is the minister whose voice fills the church and empties the pews.  
There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly tampering with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Wholesale Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.  
Usually the more a man is wrapped up in himself the colder he is.  
Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, use the No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or 75c. Cure guaranteed. Booklets and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

When a man is sore he is always the last to discover it.  
Free to mothers: a box of DR. MOFFETT'S TERTHIA (TERTHIA POWDER) will be sent free to any mother writing Dr. C. J. Moffett, St. Louis, Mo., giving name of Druggist not keeping them. TERTHIA Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels and makes teaching easy.  
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. It also cures whooping cough, 25c a bottle.

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No-To-Bac for Fitty Cents.  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c. \$1. All druggists. Money often wins the first battle but seldom the second.  
No Cure Constipation Forever.  
Take Cascares Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The man who is wedded to art should have a model wife.  
I could not get along without Pisco's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.



Most people appreciate a good thing at a fair price, but some few will only have the things that cost the most money.  
The Ivory is the favorite soap of most people. Some few want the high-priced toilet soaps and think they must be better because they cost more. No soap is more carefully made, or is made of better materials, than Ivory Soap.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory"; they ARE NOT, but like all cheaply made, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap, and insist upon getting it.  
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HAS proven disastrous to many women. Wet feet and damp clothing chill the entire system and at once effected. Painful, Profuse, Suppressed or Obstructed Menstrues, Whites, Falling of the Womb, or some other health-destroying disease is almost certain to follow such exposure unless proper precautions are taken. When any of these diseases appear women should begin the use of GERSTLE'S Female Panacea.  
It will regulate the menses, cure all forms of female disease, and give health and strength. It is used in the privacy of the home. No consultations. No humiliating examinations. If there is any tendency to constipation or indigestion take mild doses of St. Joseph's Liver Regulator.  
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